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-THE-
MESSENGER

CHRISTMAS NUMBER

Miss Hughes. -11-13-10-

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Volume XIV, No. 2 December, 1916

The Messenger

Published Monthly During the School Year by the
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THE MESSENGER

VOLUME XIV DECEMBER, 1916 NO. 2

Christmas

N. N. Leumas, '17

Christmas is coming!
Oh, clear the way!
Christmas is coming!
Laugh and be gay.
Put all fears and dreads away.
Christmas is coming!
Prepare for the day.

Christmas is coming on the run.
Christmas is coming with light and fun.
Christmas is coming! I feel in my bones,
The day when gladness should be shown.

A Little Christmas Hero

Hazeline Broadway, '17

It was on a cold and snowy day in Virginia during the time of the Civil War that a little cabin stood on the outskirts of a small town. In this cabin lived an old, old woman and her little grandson. The little child's father was fighting for the Confederacy and his mother and little son, whose mother had died in former days, had taken refuge here. Here they often prayed that the life of their son and father would be spared from the wielding sword of the huge monster called war.

They sat by the huge open fire place, the old gray-haired woman and the little red-haired boy, with a spark of mischief in his brown eyes. The wind howled around the cabin and the snow fell. Everything was covered with a white blanket and it was still snowing. They were talking of the coming Christmas. It was only one week off and the little boy's main questions were, "Granny, how many days is it until Santy will come? No, how many hours? Will it be long? Granny, do you think he'll remember us?"

And the answer was, "I don't know, dearie; perhaps he will. Listen to the wind. And oh! Dicky, look, it's snowing."

"Granny, Granny, I'm so happy. I know Santy will come. He always comes when it snows."

The poor old grandmother wiped the tears from her eyes. Yes, he had always come before, but would he visit the little cabin this Christmas? She hardly knew. Her savings were small, but still she was determined that Dicky should have his Christmas. She did not know whether her son would be able to come home or not.

Dicky asked, "Granny, will Daddy come home Christmas?"

"I hope so, sonny, maybe Santy will bring your Daddy to you."

"O Granny, if he only would!" How the little voice trembled with joy at the thought of Santy bringing his Daddy to him.

The days passed and the Grandmother's efforts brought forth little. She sewed for the neighbors and tried so hard to be able to give Dicky a joyous Christmas, but she had grown disheartened. It was only two days until that fateful day would arrive and she had only two dollars which could be spared from the necessary expenses; but when she looked into the child's happy eyes and round little cheeks

filled with joy and sunshine when she mentioned Christmas, her courage rose and she worked all the harder.

That night after Dicky had been tucked under the covers she went to a little store nearby and bought what few things she could afford,—some fruit and candy and a knife and ball for the boy. She came home and went to bed happy.

The next day was Christmas Eve. All day Dicky dreamed of what would happen that night. The soldiers were encamped in the city and when Dicky passed them his eyes opened in astonishment. His daddy was there! But he wasn't allowed to stay at home because at any time they feared an attack from the North. The Southern troops were divided, one on either side of the town. At an attack upon either side they were to send the message to the other and they would join troops.

It was in the afternoon and Dicky was walking up the street thinking of the time when he would be a grown-up man and a soldier too. Before he knew what had happened a man rode up, sprang from his horse, and held the little figure close in his arms. It was his Daddy, but he was in haste and could not stay long with his son. His troops had been attacked and he had volunteered to carry the message. But Northern troops had stationed themselves between them and he saw that it would be impossible for him to pass through. He stooped, took the message from his inner pocket, and put it inside Dicky's little coat. Then he told him to carry it straight through the lines to the troops beyond. Dicky straightened up, put one hand into his pocket, kissed his Daddy, and walked fearlessly on. The Northern soldier saw him, tossed him up and played with him a while; then set him down and let him pass through, little thinking that they would lose the day by it.

Dicky carried the message straight to the Southern troops and gave it to the gray-haired officer. He read it, called his men together, and they gave three cheers for the little patriot. Then they went to the aid of the other troops. The battle was won, all because of the work of a little six-year-old boy.

That night Santy came to see the little hero. There was a real Santy Claus and a real Christmas tree given by the soldiers. There was a sled and every imaginable toy. Dicky had the time of his life. When he kissed his Granny good-night he hugged her close and said, "Granny, Santy did come and he brought Daddy too!"

"Me and Brother Joe"

NICK, '17 — Katie V Saunders.

Dear Santa Claus—
I though I'd write
A line to let you know
What I would like for Christmas time
For me and brother Joe.
I know it's early, Santy, dear,
To write our wishes bold,
But oh, we want 'em awful bad—
Please, Santy, do not scold.

Now, me and Joe are lonely boys,
Our Mamma's gone away;
The angels took her way
Up to the stars, they say.
She kissed us boys before she left
And said: "Be brave and true;"
While Papa—poor, dear Papa,—cried,
And me and Joe cried too.

Our Papa, he's the goodest man,
But he seems always sad,
And yet when he comes home at night,
Why, me and Joe's that glad!
And Papa buys us everything
He thinks for boys'll do,
But Papa, he's a boy no more,
And so we write to you.

We'd like a sled,
Two pairs of skates,
Some candy too.
A box of dates;
And a soldier brave,
For me a row
And then some more

For brother Joe;
A Noah's Ark
With lions, bears,
And elephants
And deer in pairs;
Two little caps,
Two pair of mitts,
A puffing train.
Two workmen's kits;
Two knives we'd like,
For each a gun,—
If that's too much
Just give us one;
A hammer and
A box of tacks,
Then on the top
Please put an ax.

Dear Santy, this is all we want
To make this Christmas glad,
Why, it'll be the very best
That we boys ever had
(Except 'fore Mamma went away).
Please, Santy, don't say No,
But hitch the reindeer up and come
To me and brother Joe.

The Stolen Necklace

Lucy Umstead, '17

One evening about eight o'clock the Science Club of the Cavendor High School, who were spending their Christmas vacation on a house party at Pinehurst, were sitting around a fire telling jokes and short stories. All of a sudden they heard a cry from afar. The cry was heard a second time. This aroused their curiosity and they began to look around to see if everyone was present. Two boys, Bill Amlet and Wilber Marvis, were missing.

In the meantime Bill and Wilber had gone for a walk without telling anyone where they were going.

As they were walking along through a dense forest the silence was broken by a shrill call from Bill to Wilber.

"Look here, Wilber!" exclaimed Bill.

"What?"

"Look at this arrow upon this tree."

"An arrow?"

"Yes, come here."

Wilber went up to the tree where Bill was standing. They examined the arrow and noticed that it was pointing north.

They went on down into the forest a little way.

"Look Bill, here is another arrow upon this tree," Wilber called out.

"Is it pointing in the same direction?"

"Yes."

"These arrows cause me to have a peculiar feeling, Wilber."

"Come on, we will go a little further."

"All right."

"O Bill! Look here at this huge stone. There is an arrow upon it."

"In what direction is it pointing?"

"Downward."

The two boys, after a little struggling, pushed the stone away and found a little trap door. When they opened it they found that they had discovered an old Indian cave. Upon looking around they found a very small tin box. In this tin box was a very handsome and beautiful necklace. The boys decided to carry it back to the house and show it to the other members of the party.

The party had started out in the direction of the cry when they met the two boys.

"Look at what we have found!" shouted the boys. They showed them the necklace and told how they had found and traced the mysterious arrows.

"Bill, I remember now," shouted Julia Ward, one of the girls, "a story I have often heard my mother tell of a little Indian girl stealing a beautiful necklace from her grandmother."

The initials of the girl's great-grandmother were found upon the necklace by close examination. It was turned over to Julia who was a very proud owner of it.

Willy Mouse's Christmas

Florence King, '17

Willy Mouse crept out on the pantry shelf,
To see what he could find.
Oh! What a lovely plate of cheese,—
Santa Claus was certainly kind.

So thought the wee Willy Mouse to himself,
As he nibbled at his cheese.
So thought the big black, ugly cat,
And she licked her lips quite pleased.

She crept up closer to poor little Willy,
Oh! What a good supper he made.
She laughed until she felt quite silly,
What a joke Santa Claus had played.

Reminiscences of School Days of 1850

James Leyburn, '17

"That reminds me," said Grandfather, after Jack's confession of eating his lunch in school one day, "of what happened to poor Jenny Speck who ate her lunch in school. Mr. Ripple, the old Irish schoolmaster of our district, was one of the strictest disciplinarians who ever taught a school. A tall, red-haired man, he stood fully six feet three in his socks.

"On this particular day of which I am speaking, Jenny Speck had brought a whole basketful of dried apples to school, which she intended to distribute among the other children. But when Mr. Ripple's back was turned, the apples had such an appetizing look that Jenny picked one up and noiselessly took a bite. But just as she began to chew it up, Mr. Ripple looked around.

" 'What air ye eatin', Jenny?'

" 'Dried apples, sir.'

" 'Well come up here and eat thim.'

"He led Jenny up to the stool in the corner of the room on which the 'dunces' were wont to stand.

" 'Now eat them ivery wan!'

"Jenny began, and easily finished the first five or six, but, as you know, dried apples are in the habit of swelling after they are eaten; Jenny began to feel this perceptibly after her eighth apple.

" 'Mr. Ripple, please let me stop eating now. I won't ever eat any more in school.'

" 'Eat ivery wan in the basket!'

"Jenny looked at the basket. It was still nearly full. So she started her task again. She chewed, and chewed, and chewed.

" 'Mr. Ripple, please let me stop!'

" 'Have ye eaten thim all?'

" 'No, sir!'

" 'Eat thim all before ye stop!'

"So she chewed, and chewed, and chewed. She felt that her stomach was as large as a balloon. She looked pale and felt worse every second. There were still ten apples in the basket. Finally, she managed to swallow them all; but the next day she was not at school,

nor was she for many days after that, as she had to stay in bed for three weeks."

Jack looked very sober after the story. "I surely am glad that I didn't have to go to school then."

"Yes," said Grandfather, "but some of our affairs with Mr. Ripple were rather humorous. There were two boys who went to school under him whose names were Hunter and Wilkinson. They were brothers, and a more devoted pair you have never seen. Once Wilkinson dropped his pencil on the floor. While he was down on the floor picking it up, Hunter, pointing his finger, said, 'Sic 'im, sic 'im.' Wilkinson always ready for fun, responded with a deep growl like a dog's. Mr. Ripple, however, with his all-seeing eye, nipped their game in the bud.

"'Boys, what air ye doin'?'

"'Playin' dog, sir.'

"'Well, come up here and I'll play dog with ye a while!'

"You can imagine what happened next. A hickory stick was always at hand in Mr. Ripple's desk, and both boys were cured forever of playing dog in school.

"Ah, you school children of the present age have very much easier times than we had. We did indeed learn

'Reading, writing, and 'Rithmetic
Taught to the tune of the hickory stick.'"

A Borrowed Christmas

Aura Holton, '19

It was a low rambling white house, standing in an oak grove. The walks and flower beds were full of weeds, while Virginia creeper and ivy climbed from tree to tree. Indeed, a person on the road beyond the place would hardly have known that it had once been the most beautiful plantation anywhere in the surrounding country. In front of the house was a row of what had once been beautifully pruned holly trees, but now they looked stunted.

Two days before Christmas it was very cold, even in Georgia. The first snow that had fallen for years now lay on the ground. As the train puffed into the station at L———, two passengers stepped off. They were a young girl and an old negro woman of the type the Southerners call a "Black Mammy."

The girl had a sweet high-pitched voice and her speech immediately showed that she was a typical Southern girl.

"Oh, Aunt Sue, don't you foahget that bag!" she called as the old negress almost stumbled over a bag she had forgotten.

"No, Honey," said Aunt Sue, "Ah ain't er goner ferget hit."

They were both loaded down with baggage, and the girl seemed to be looking anxiously about for someone.

"Aunt Su-u-ue!" she said, her voice almost a wail. "There is no wagon or ca'aige or anything heah, an' we jus' can't walk all the way!" As Aunt Sue made no reply, she turned to a man who was standing in the waiting room. "Do you know where we could get a man to carry ouah baggage out to 'Bluetop?'"

"Waal," he drawled, "I reckon' I could take youse an' yer baggage. I'm s'posed to be station master, but I reckon' there won't be no more arrivals ternight—"

"Oh, but Uncle Billy's coming tonight, an' we want to wait heah foah him. Couldn't you take ouah baggage an' leave us heah?"

After much argument she was persuaded to wait until Uncle Billy arrived so that the station master could lock up the station and bring their baggage.

Uncle Billy, who proved to be an old negro man, evidently Aunt Sue's husband, soon came, and Mr. Bain, the station master, was at liberty to close the station. He carried the new arrivals, as well as

their baggage, to "Bluetop," wondering all the time what they could be hoping to do with the old place. Aunt Sue was privately wondering the same thing, but Betty evidently had no such misgivings.

"Now, Unc' Billy," she said immediately on their arrival, "you're jus' gona put up some beds tonight while Aunt Sue an' I fix something to eat. Then we'll go to bed." She and Aunt Sue quickly unpacked the lunch which they had brought in a basket.

Betty was up early the next morning and soon she and the two negroes were busily at work. By dinner time they had a large part of the house in order. Although Aunt Sue insisted that Betty should rest while she cooked dinner, Betty had refused to do so.

"Now, Aunt Sue," she said, while helping to put dinner on the table, "you know this dinnah's lots better than it would have been if you had fixed it by yuahself."

"Yas, Mis' Betty, but termorrer's Christmas an' ah wanted ter bake—"

"Why, Aunt Sue! I had foahgotten Christmas. We'll let Unc' Billy eat dinnah, but we've gotta cook."

"No, Mis' Betty, you sit down an' eat, you've been er working ha'd all day, an' you'll jus' sit down an' eat or you'll be sick."

Betty finally consented, but she was talking too busily to eat much. "Aunt Sue, we'll make lil' cakes an' pies an' eve'ything."

"Waal, Mis' Betty, I recon' we needn't make no lil' things lake dos fer they ain't no chillen heah."

"Yes, we will make lil' things, too!" Betty said, "I'll borrow a child if necessary!"

Aunt Sue submitted with no more words, and she and Betty were soon deep in their baking. Uncle Billy came around to the kitchen when Betty's cakes were at a most critical point, his enthusiasm almost as high as Betty's.

"Oh, Miss Betty!" he called, "ah bet ah done foun' sumpin you hadn't seen!"

"What's that, Unc' Billy?"

"You an' Sue come out an' see!"

"Aw now, Billy," interrupted Aunt Sue, "we ain't got no time, now!"

"Yes, we have, too, Unc' Billy! Come on, Aunt Sue. I'm jus' crazy to know what it is!"

Aunt Sue followed, grumbling because she had had to leave her beloved baking, but, when Uncle Billy pointed to the row of holly

trees, she was as excited as any one. "Waal now, did you evah?" she exclaimed.

"Unc' Billy," said Betty, "we're gonna have a Christmas tree! Go and cut one of them."

Uncle Billy obeyed, while Aunt Sue and Betty hurried back to finish their baking.

Betty hardly knew how they spent the rest of the day, but that night, as they sat before the fire, a knock was heard at the door. Uncle Billy answered it, and saw, standing outside a little brown-eyed boy, holding a baby girl's hand.

"We's losted, man," said the boy.

"Bring 'em in, Unc' Billy," called Betty. She tried to find out from the children who their parents were, but they did not seem to know.

Aunt Sue helped her put them to bed, and the next morning Uncle Billy set out to find their home. He found out that they were orphans, living with their aunt, who willingly lent them to Betty for the day.

Betty, when she was helping Aunt Sue get breakfast said, "You see, Aunt Sue, I told you we'd have some children. We just had to have them for our Christmas Tree!"

Luck?

BILLIKEN, '17

I saw her at the circus. Since I had seen her last
Old Tempus had been a-fugiting, almost three years had past,
And both had changed—while care had left some traces on my brow,
She led by her hand a little boy, as big as our last row.

I saw her as she entered, she passed me in the crowd,
Passed on and never noticed me, though I tipped my hat and bowed,
Passed on and near to where I stood, she and her boy sat down,
And soon I heard them laughing at the sallies of the clown.

His sallies had no charm for me—no Sallie that I knew
Could rouse in me such feelings as her Christian name could do.
She'd changed her surname since we met, and—I sigh to write the line,
In giving up her father's name, she hadn't taken mine.

EDITORIAL

Without advertisers from whom to obtain advertisements, we could not run THE MESSENGER. Someone may say that we could get enough money from subscribers. But if every student in the D. H. S. was a subscriber at fifty cents each, we should only have enough money to get out four issues. But every one is not going to subscribe, so we shall have to mark out that point. Did you know that it costs fifty dollars or over for every issue of THE MESSENGER printed? On the average of fifty-five dollars for every issue, you see that the cost of seven issues would be three hundred and eighty-five dollars. The only place to obtain this much money is from the advertisements. Therefore if we are dependent upon the advertisers the advertisers should in a small way be dependent upon us.

To show our appreciation to the people who make our school paper possible, let us patronize them.

Every year about two weeks before Christmas we get to thinking and talking about Christmas. We call this having Christmas "in one's bones." By the way some people seem to have this feeling all the year 'round. When one gets this feeling he does not feel like studying, or at least says that he does not because he is thinking. If anything will cause some people to think for his own sake let him "think." Toward Christmas we should study harder than at any other time in the year. If we study hard we may as like as not make a good impression upon our teachers, and as we have about a week holiday at Christmas, our teacher may perhaps change their minds and think that we are good pupils after all. So if you have the Christmas feeling in your "bones" let it make you work harder than you ever have before.

BLACKWELL LITERARY SOCIETY

The high standard of efficiency, which the society set for itself the first month, has since been kept up. The attendance has been very good, especially among those boys who joined the society this year. The programs have been well arranged and carried out, the debates being hotly contested in each case. There has, moreover, been no program which has not been reported up to the standard by the critic.

This year, too, the yearly declamation contest which is held by the "9019" organization at Trinity College has aroused unusual interest. A number of boys entered the first preliminary contest which was held November 17. At that time the three best speakers were selected. On the following Monday morning these three boys—Dewey Ray, James Leyburn, and Otis Aiken—held the final contest in which Dewey Ray was selected to represent the school. Mr. Ray, who is an excellent declaimer, has worked faithfully on his declamation, and will, we feel sure, make a strong bid for the medal.

The triangular debate and the yearly contest with the Cornelia Spencer Society are, also, arousing much interest. The subject this year will be the same in both debates—Resolved, That the United States should own and operate all railroads engaged in interstate commerce. The society has a number of good debaters this year, and the preliminaries for these two contests promise to be warmly contested. It is certainly important that a large number of boys enter the preliminaries, since the training received will be very valuable to everyone, more than compensating the losers for the effort put forth. The united cry of the society is, "We just simply must beat those girls." The girls are actively preparing to make it warm for us.

On Friday evening, November 24, the society held its regular quarterly election of officers. The following were elected for the next term: president, Speed Noell; vice-president, Will Nowell; secretary, Cartwright Carmichael; marshal, Otis Cook.

CORNELIA SPENCER LITERARY SOCIETY*

The Cornelia Spencer Literary Society is now fairly launched upon what promises to be one of the most interesting years the society has ever known. Forty-nine new members have been initiated, making a total enrollment of one hundred and nine. A series of helpful programs have been arranged for the term. It includes literary and miscellaneous programs of a high order.

The special feature of the year's work is a study in detail of the lives and works of Famous American Women. America has produced women whose achievements are as worthy of study and emulation as are those of her greatest men. It is the purpose of this department to bring the lives of these great women before the society.

Another feature of the year's work is the splendid debating program. The members of the society have always shown interest in this phase of the work. This year they have organized a debating circle and all members interested in debating are invited to join. The members of this circle have outlined an interesting course for the year. The society is glad to say that prospects for 1916-1917 debates are even brighter than in previous years.

The first meeting of the Cornelia Spencer Literary Society was held on Friday, September 22. At this meeting the new officers were elected, new members initiated and plans made for the coming year. The officers for the first term are as follows: Jessie Edwards, president; May Waller, vice-president; Lucille Massey, treasurer; Euva Mangum, secretary; Charlotte Clements, critic; and Pauline Brown, censor.

On Friday, September 29, the officers who were to serve during the first term were installed by Mr. Faucette, of the English department. In well chosen words Mr. Faucette recounted the excellent work done in the society during the past few years and impressed upon the members the importance of maintaining this high standard.

Friday afternoon, October 20, the program of the Cornelia Spencer Literary Society was given by the members of the second year. The pro-

* Through an oversight of the editors this department was omitted last month.

gram consisted of impromptu speeches and a story telling contest, in which only the girls of the second year were allowed to participate. Pattie Gordan Turner was awarded the prize for telling the best story. Those participating in the story-telling contest were as follows: Maude Outlaw, Nina Mae Mangum, Josephine Piatt, Matilda Bryant, Elodia Yancey, Grace Pritchard, Aura Holton, and Pattie Turner. The following made impromptu speeches: Clara Barrett, Georgia Airheart, Pattie Knight, and Annie Lee Evans.

Friday afternoon, October 27, the Cornelia Spencer Literary Society held its first debate of the year. The fact that this was the first program of a debating nature held this year proved a big drawing card for the meeting.

The query for discussion read: Resolved, That a National Censorship Should be Established for Motion Picture Plays. Pauline Brown and Eva Rosenstein upheld the affirmative side of the question as opposed to Euva Mangum and Frances Henry on the negative.

Both sides discussed the question in splendid fashion and the debate was one of the warmest ever heard in the society.

The decision was given to the affirmative. Euva Mangum was adjudged the best speaker of the afternoon.

The life and works of Rudyard Kipling were under discussion by the girls' literary society at their meeting on Friday afternoon, November 3. A very interesting program was carried out by the members of the third and fourth years.

The program follows:

"The Life of Kipling"—Pauline Brown.

"How the Camel Got His Hump"—Claribel Bennett.

"Mandalay"—Charlotte Clements.

"Mother o' Mine"—Lottie Lyon.

"If"—Coma Cole.

"L'Envoi"—Vesta Kime.

"Danny Deever"—Lelia Rigsbee.

The suffrage movement is settled. The decision came at the girls' society of the high school on Friday afternoon, November 10. Woman may not vote. This decision was reached after a most interesting

debate. The affirmative was championed by Miss Estha Roberts, who gave cogent and compelling reasons for the ballot being placed in feminine hands. She showed herself an enthusiastic suffragette, perhaps she would prefer to be called a suffragist. Her remarks proved very entertaining and were listened to with much interest. She was ably seconded by Misses Vesta Kime and Grace Wilder, who proved themselves equally as earnest for the cause and equally as well equipped with arguments and reasons for woman's votes.

The negative was upheld by Charlotte Clements, Lucille Massey, and Lucy Umstead, who stated well the reasons against our women descending from their high estate to petty politics and political strife. These young ladies seemed to have no desire to emulate their fathers and brothers in the business of choosing our rulers. Their arguments were convincing to the judges. Miss Estha Roberts was adjudged the best speaker of the affirmative. Miss Charlotte Clements was the best speaker on the negative and the best debater of the afternoon.

LOCALGRAMS

On Friday evening, October 27th, the Senior Class held its first social at the High School Building, in the form of a Hallowe'en party. The occasion was purely a class affair, and only the members of the class and their invited guests, the faculty, were present.

About 8:30, most of the class being present, the president, James Leyburn, called the class together in the main hall of the building. The hall had been fittingly decorated for the occasion in autumn leaves, jack 'o lanterns, and with several strings of apples hung from the walls.

At the beginning of the evening several members of the class were called into the middle of the hall and engaged in a very unique and exciting marshmallow contest. Following this a pea-carrying contest, equally amusing as the first on the program, was carried out. Later in the evening one of the girls from the Junior Class told a ghost story, and a very mysterious witch read the hands of both members of the class and of the faculty. The remainder of the evening, after the departure of the witch, was given over to music, conversation and fun-making.

Appropriate refreshments for the occasion were served during the latter part of the evening.

Many pupils took advantage of the opportunity to attend the Raleigh Fair on Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday.

The more we hear of our orchestra, the more we like it. This year the vacancies made by the graduation of Messrs. Leyburn, Dave, and Hundley have not yet been filled. We have been very much delighted on several occasions by the playing of "The United Liberty," "Victorious Legions," "Flag of Truce," "Vienna Forever," marches, and several selections which the orchestra has rendered.

Prof. W. H. Hand, State Inspector of High Schools in South Carolina, gave us a very interesting and helpful talk in Chapel on Wednesday, November 15th. He spoke on the subject, "What Are You Here For?" He outlined for us the various classes of pupils in High School as:

1. Pupils that are forced to go to school against their will.
2. Pupils that go because they think it is the style or fashion, or because their fathers or mothers went to that certain school.
3. Pupils that go to learn about the world and its inhabitants.

Then Prof. Hand impressed upon us that we were here not to learn Latin and mathematics as much as to open our eyes, ears, and heart so that we would see and hear things in their true light. In closing he told us to gain our own self-respect and to find out our powers, but especially our defects, or in other words, to make men and women out of ourselves.

On Monday, November 5th, Captain Bouterse made an appeal through Mr. Gaud, requesting each pupil in the High School to contribute one penny to the fund that is being raised for the emergency home of the Salvation Army. The following morning collections were taken in the various rooms, and they nearly doubled the amount that was expected. Below is the amount contributed by each of the various classes:

Fourth Year	$ 5.45
Third Year	5.21
Second Year	4.28
First Year	3.04
Seventh Grade	3.17
Total	$21.15

The Annual Relay Race, held on Monday, November 13th, was finally won by the Senior Class after four years of trials and many misfortunes. The other teams finished as follows: Third Year, Second Year, First Year, and Seventh Grade.

At the beginning of the race all of the teams, with the exception of the Third and Fourth Year, were given handicaps, but after a few laps the two upper classes overcame the lead of the others, and from then until the end of the race the two teams were neck and neck. For the first five laps, the Seniors seemed unable to keep the pace, but the next five men ran so well that they overcame the lead and put their class first across the finish line.

Seventh Grade—

Not to the strong is the battle,
Nor to the swift is the race;
But you seventh grade boys make things rattle,
And set for all the others a very good pace.

First Year—

There's one thing that you must hear:
We can run if we are first year.
Another thing—now don't forget—
On the big pennant our hearts are set.

Second Year—

Run, run, as fast as you can;
You can't catch me, I'm a second year man.

Third Year—

The third year girls do now surmise
The third year boys have won the prize.
We looked at them with glowing pride,
When to the goal post we saw them stride.

Fourth Year—

We are the Seniors; we set the pace.
We run so fast we win the race.
The others follow, but,—Don't you see?
To us comes the victory.

Miss Annie Tillett, who was absent from school about five weeks in the latter part of October and the first two weeks in November, on account of an attack of appendicitis, has returned to the High School. While Miss Tillett was sick Miss Lucile Baldwin filled her place in the English department. Upon Miss Tillett's return Miss Baldwin was given charge of one of the first year rooms.

This year Miss Nellie McClees is helping Miss Bancroft in the drawing department of the High School, as Miss Augusta Michaels has not been able to do so on account of bad health.

The Durham Traction Company has offered this year, as last year, two prizes, one for the boy and one for the girl writing the best essay on, "The History of Electricity and Its Modern Use."

Monday morning, November 20, we had three declamations given by members of the Blackwell Literary Society. They were as follows: *The Spirit of America,* Dewey Ray; *The Empire Builders,* James Leyburn; and *Ingersoll at the Grave of Napoleon,* Otis Aiken. Dewey Ray was adjudged the best declaimer and will represent the High School in the 9019 contest, which is to be held at Trinity College, December 1.

OUR FIELD EXCURSION

Valinda Hill, '20

One morning Mrs. Bivins took the General Science Class to the woods to study the leaves, rocks, and birds and to learn their names and what they look like.

We all went down Morris Street to the woods. As we were going we saw a place where some men were digging. We could see easily here the soil and the subsoil, as we went through a railroad cut we noticed the strata of the rock.

We saw a great many pine and sassafras trees. It was so cold that we did not see many butterflies and birds. We saw one bluejay and some buzzards and sparrows. Some of the birds that we saw seemed to be flying south to their winter homes. Everybody picked leaves from all the bushes and trees and then the leaders of each group named them. Many leaves were collected. A very familiar weed covered the field, but very few of us knew its name. We were surprised to find that this little white flower is the wild aster.

For the last two weeks the playground has been the scene of much activity. The basketball team has been practicing faithfully and hard, and with the assistance of Coach Hallenbeck the team has been put into excellent shape. The team will spend most of the time from now until the first game in signal practice, which they need worse than anything else.

The manager of the basketball team is very busy completing the schedule of games, and when finished it will be one of the most attractive schedules this school has even had. Included in this schedule is a trip being planned for Christmas, and this trip is practically assured since about three of the games have already been scheduled.

JESTERS' SPACE

Mr. Faucette—"What was the stranger's occupation?"

A. P.—"He did not say right out but any one with any sense ought to know."

Mr. F.—"Can you tell us what he did?"

A. P.—"No sir."

* * *

Mr. F.—"Joseph, was Rip Van Winkle a Democrat or a Federalist?"

J. B.—"A Progressive."

* * *

Miss L.—"Why would Venus have been out of style now?"

A. R.—"She was too old."

* * *

Mr. Mac.—"Boys, we are going to finish the book by Thanksgiving."

D. S.—"You do not mean this Thanksgiving, do you?"

* * *

Miss L.—"Whom do you love best?"

Boy—"Mother."

M. L.—"Then whom?"

Boy—"Sister."

M. L.—"When does your father come in?"

Boy—"At night."

* * *

Mr. G.—"The Dutch settled on Manhattan Island and where else?"

D. B.—"Where Alabama is today."

* * *

Mr. F.—"James, what is chivalry?"

J. L.—"It is rescuing a young damsel."

* * *

Miss L. (speaking to the fourth year boys)—"There is hardly a person who knows what he or she is going to take up when they leave. There are a good many professions which we are fitted for that we do not know about. If you were to ask any young girl she would not be an old maid, yet there are a good many of them."

S. H.—"Is that a profession?"

Mr. F.—"Who was the one that Shakespeare got his short stories from?"

D. R.—"Hawthorne."

* * *

Mr. G.—"The Dutch settled in New York and where else?"

H. T.—"On Long Island."

* * *

Mr. Faucette—"Maybe some day you will have to go to war and then every one of you will have to go."

Bob White (anxiously)—"Won't you go with us?"

* * *

Mrs. Shaw—"What is another word for height?"

E. C.—"Depth."

* * *

Mr Cunningham had just asked the question of whether proteids are fats, and turning to Pattie Turner asked her what she thought of it.

Pattie (surprised)—"No sir, I think you put the flower in the jar."

(It was evident that she had been dreaming.)

* * *

E. R. (on English)—"Mrs. Van Winkle broke her blood vessel or something on the peddler."

* * *

L. J. (reading Latin)—"He hung on the embrace of the neck of Dido."

* * *

Miss B. (on English)—"Mary, sum up the action of Ethan Brand in one sentence."

M. M.—"Well, he jumped into the fire."

* * *

Miss B.—"What do you think of this story, Lucy?"

L. U.—"I think it is real realistic."

* * *

On patient guard the teachers stand
In study hall so dear (?)
But unless they a "Ford Peace Party" command,
They'll never have order, I sadly fear.

Miss L. M. (on third year Latin class)—"William, do not make me laugh so much, it might make me grow fat."

W. S.—"That won't matter, Miss Lila, fat people are always distinguished."

* * *

The following letter was found in the fourth year girls' room the other day:

"Dere Sandy Clauz, if yu kant git all my prezenc in my stokkin dont be afrade to put em on the flore."

* * *

A QUERY

Resolved: If a little learning is dangerous, are the fourth year boys in danger?

* * *

Bill—"Some funny things have happened during this war. The other day I heard of a man who had his hand shot off and did not know it until he tried to take something out of his pocket."

Tom—"That is not so bad. The other day I heard of a man who had his head shot off and did not know it until he tried to scratch it."

* * *

CLIPPINGS FROM A NEWSPAPER

(Somewhere in France)

A brilliant feat of engineering has won for Private Smithers the rank of sergeant. A call for reinforcements came. A short cut lay across the river, but the bridges had been blown up. To go around would be too late to save the town. Smithers volunteered to get them across the river. By diving, he placed dynamite on the bottom of the river and exploded it. This left such an enormous excavation that the water all ran into it, and left the river bed dry. They marched across and saved the day.—Assassinated Press.

* * *

Miss L. M.—"What was another name for Mercury?"

First Boy—"Quicksilver."

Miss M.—"Is that right?"

Second Boy—"No, that was just his nickname."

* * *

If Matthew killed a bird would Anna Pickett?

EXCHANGES

The Scout, Muskogee, Okla.—Your magazine gives evidence of a very efficient staff. Your short stories are not only interesting, but that which we admire most, they have originality. "If Uncle Noah Did, Mahsa Won't, says Aunt Liza," is especially good.

The Sage, Greensboro, N. C.—Your magazine has always been above the average, and we are glad to see that your new staff is keeping it up to its old standard. We are waiting with great impatience for the second chapter of "The Snake Charmer."

St. Mary's Muse, Raleigh, N. C.—We are glad to hear that you have such a large attendance. We are with you in hoping that this year will be a banner year for the school. It might help somewhat if you would add an exchange department to your magazine.

The Student, Portsmouth, Virginia.—Give our congratulations to your art editor. We admire your cover and literature. A hint to the wise is sufficient—Wake up your "slumbering" poets.

The Forester, Dallas, Texas.—We see this in your magazine:

"She attracted his a-10-tion
When they met at a play," etc.

We say:

"Your school attracted our a-10-tion
When we read your paper today."

There seems to be no lack of school spirit at Dallas. From the excellence of the "Forrester" this month, we are certain that we are not going to see it ripen into a "lemon" but a "peach."

The Csma, Chick Springs Military Academy.—We are very glad indeed to give you the "glad hand." We are not only congratulating you on the excellence of your paper, but also congratulating ourselves on having one of our graduates on your staff. What more could you ask?

The Berry School News, Mount Berry, Georgia.—Though your paper is not large in size it covers much ground in thought. We can always depend on hearing the latest news from Mount Berry.

The Stampede, Havre, Montana.—We are very glad to see that the "Stampede" is keeping up its former fame in the joke department. Old Ben himself would be proud to own some of your witty sayings.

The Orange and Black, Hanover, Pa.—Your many advertisements show your popularity in Hanover and elsewhere, but would it not be better to have less advertisements and more literature. Your joke department is one of the best we have seen.

The Reflector, Gloucester, Mass.—We are pleased to welcome you into our exchange department. The title of your magazine is very appropriate as it certainly reflects credit upon your school.

The Trinity Chronicle, College Topics, and the *University Magazine* are faithful reporters of the happenings at colleges where happenings are by no means few. We always have a cordial welcome for each.

An exchange editor may scratch a pen until her fingers bleed but still some one is sure to say, "Huh, I've heard that before."

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A great, grand work is being done by the Business Colleges.—JOHN WANNAMAKER

With Business Education more general, we may expect a better order of business men.—LYMAN J. GAGE.

If a father wishes to give his son a legacy better than houses, lands, gold or silver, let him give him a practical Business Education.—HORACE MANN.

Business Colleges furnish their graduates a better education for practical purposes than either Princeton, Harvard or Yale.—EX-PRESIDENT GARFIELD.

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Would John D. Rockefeller have been the richest man in the world if he had spent the first money he earned?

HE PUT IT IN THE BANK

When John D. Rockefeller went into the oil fields, he went there with Two Thousand Dollars that he had saved and with which he was ready to take a good business chance. HAD HE NOT HAD HIS MONEY IN THE BANK, he would not have been able to take the business chance that led to his stupendous fortune. John D Rockefeller was no different from other fabulously rich men. Their great fortunes were the logical result of their FIRST savings.

We Pay 4 Per Cent. Interest on Savings

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"We Know Your Wants and Want Your Business"

JULIAN S. CARR
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